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She is cut off from the quarrels and contentions of Europe. John Fiske (than whom a more interesting and finished penman does not live in these United States) speaks of the manifest destiny of America to put before the world the principle of *peaceful federation* so that "the wretched business of warfare may finally become obsolete all over the world." "I believe (he writes) that the time will come when such a state of things will exist upon the earth, when it will be possible to speak of the *United States* as stretching from pole to pole—or with Tennyson to celebrate 'the parliament of man, the federation of the world'—'when the war drum throbs no longer.'" Indeed only when such a state of things has begun to be realized can civilization, as sharply differenced from barbarism, be said to have fairly begun. Only then can the world be said to have become truly Christian. Many ages of toil and doubt and perplexity will no doubt pass by before such a condition is reached. History begins with pictures of horrid slaughter and desolation. It will end as we believe with the picture of a world covered with cheerful homesteads and blessed with a Sabbath of perpetual peace.

As I read the record of the review of the warships of the different nations in the Hudson, and thought how the more horrid and death-dealing these monsters the more efficient they were accounted for their purpose, I took down my Longfellow and read once more the poem on "The Arsenal at Springfield:"

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;  
But from their silent pipes no *anthem* pealing,  
Startles the villagers with strange alarms.

Ah, what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!  
What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan  
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Teuton's gong.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway rent asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!  
And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace."

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals  
The holy melodies of love arise.

As nationalities are coming together here, must it not be the prelude of that greater federation when Tennyson's dream shall be realized: "The parliament of man—the federation of the world."

#### PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S ADDRESS AT THE OPENING OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

I am here to join my fellow-citizens in the congratulations which befit this occasion. Surrounded by the stupendous results of American enterprise and activity, and in view of these magnificent evidences of American skill and intelligence, we need not fear that these congratulations will be exaggerated. We stand to-day in the presence of the oldest nations of the world, and point to the great achievements we here exhibit, asking no allowance on the score of youth.

The enthusiasm with which we contemplate our work intensifies the warmth of the greeting we extend to those who have come from foreign lands to illustrate with us the growth and progress of human endeavor in the direction of a higher civilization.

We who believe that popular education and the stimulation of the best impulses of our citizens lead the way to a realization of the national destiny which our faith promises, gladly welcome the opportunity here afforded us to see the results accomplished by efforts which have been exerted longer than ours in the field of man's improvement; while in appreciative return we exhibit the unparalleled advancement and wonderful accomplishments of a young nation, and present the triumphs of a vigorous, self-reliant and independent people.

We have built these splendid edifices, but we have also built the magnificent fabric of popular government, whose grand proportions are seen throughout the world. We have made and here gathered together objects of use and beauty, the products of American skill and invention; we have also made men who rule themselves.

It is an exalted mission in which we and our guests from other lands are engaged, as we co-operate in the inauguration of an enterprise devoted to human enlightenment; and in the undertaking we here enter upon we exemplify in the noblest sense the

#### BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS.

Let us hold fast to the meaning that underlies this ceremony, and let us not lose the impressiveness of this moment. As by a touch the machinery that gives life to this vast exposition is now set in motion, so at the same instant, let our hopes and aspirations awaken forces which in all time to come shall influence the welfare, the dignity and the freedom of mankind.

"I can forgive, but I can never forget," a sort of forgiveness, let me tell you, that it isn't worth the name. It is base coin; and whenever you feel in that way towards any body, you may as well take a long breath, and think seriously before you say the 'Forgive us our trespasses' in the Lord's prayer."